

LAW
BREAKERS

LAW BREAKERS



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MINUTE CLUES

MAGGIE TYLER A CLEANING WOMAN... ENTERS THE ONE ROOM APARTMENT OF CHRIS AND REX KAYNE...

INSPECTOR O'SHEA ARRIVES AND INVESTIGATES...



MRS. KAYNE!... MRS. KAYNE! OH!... SHE'S DEAD!



WAS THE WINDOW LOCKED WHEN YOU ARRIVED, MAGGIE?

YES IT WAS, INSPECTOR! OH, BY THE WAY... I CALLED MR. KAYNE. HE'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!



ARE THERE ANY OTHER WINDOWS?

CHRIS... CHRIS... WHAT HAPPENED?

NO, JUST THE ONE FACING WEST. HERE'S MR. KAYNE!

MAGGIE CALLS THE POLICE AND CHRIS, HUSBAND, REX, AT HIS OFFICE.



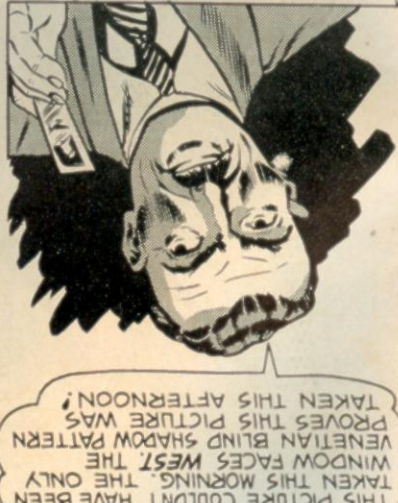
WHY IS SHE WEARING HER BATH-ROBE? SHE WAS DRESSED AND READY TO GO OUT WHEN I LEFT THIS MORNING! SEE... I TOOK THIS PICTURE WITH MY RAPID PRESS CAMERA. IT DEVELOPS THE PICTURE AS SOON AS YOU TAKE IT!



I TOOK IT BEFORE I WENT TO WORK!

THAT'S ALL, I KNOW YOU'RE LYING. YOU MURDERED YOUR WIFE, KAYNE!

LATER, KAYNE CONFESSED, HE SAID HIS WIFE HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER MAN... HE HAD REFUSED HER A DIVORCE, SHE BEGAN TO TAUNT HIM AND THAT MORNING HE HAD LOST CONTROL OF HIM-SELF AND KILLED HER! THE PICTURE HAD BEEN TAKEN THE PREVIOUS AFTERNOON.



THIS PICTURE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN TAKEN THIS MORNING. THE ONLY WINDOW FACES WEST. THE VENETIAN BLIND SHADOW PATTERN PROVES THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN THIS AFTERNOON!

LAWBREAKERS

AMONG THE WORST CRIMINALS IN HISTORY ARE THOSE WHO HAVE LED UNSPECTACULAR LIVES FOR YEARS, AND WHO, FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER HAVE SUDDENLY GONE OFF THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW AND TAKEN TO VIOLENCE. SUCH ACTION CAN BE ATTRIBUTED TO A MYRIAD OF REASONS... MENTAL DISORDERS... THE FINAL TIRING OF A POVERTY-RIDDEN OR HUMDRUM LIFE... OR MERELY THE SEEKING OF A "THRILL"... ARE A FEW OF THEM. BUT POLICE WILL TELL YOU THAT WHATEVER THE REASON, THE OUTCOME IS USUALLY....

A DAY FOR HOMICIDE



LAWBREAKERS



KEEP THE CHANGE, DRIVER.

THANK YOU, SIR.

IT HAD STARTED OUT TO BE JUST ANOTHER HUMDRUM DAY FOR "MONK" MALONE, WHO HAD BEEN ENGAGED IN A CONTINUOUS STRUGGLE WITH POVERTY SINCE HE HAD BEEN SPAWNED BY THE SLUMS OF THE GREAT CITY...



ANOTHER LOUSY FIVE CENT TIP! I WONDER IF THAT APE CAN SPARE IT...?



LET'S GO OUT TO 4212 MADISON, DRIVER.



THAT'S WAY OUT, MISTER...

SO OKAY, SO IT'S WAY OUT, SO WE AINT GETTIN' THERE FAST BY SITTIN' HERE TALKIN' ABOUT IT!

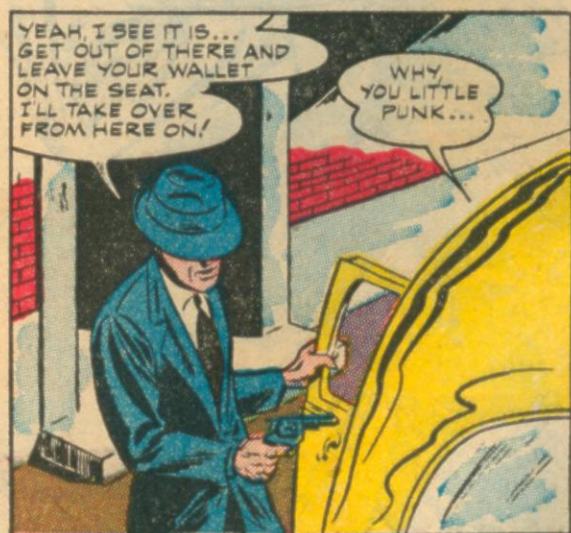


ANOTHER LONG HAUL AND NOTIP, I SUPPOSE...

WHAT DID YOU SAY, DRIVER?



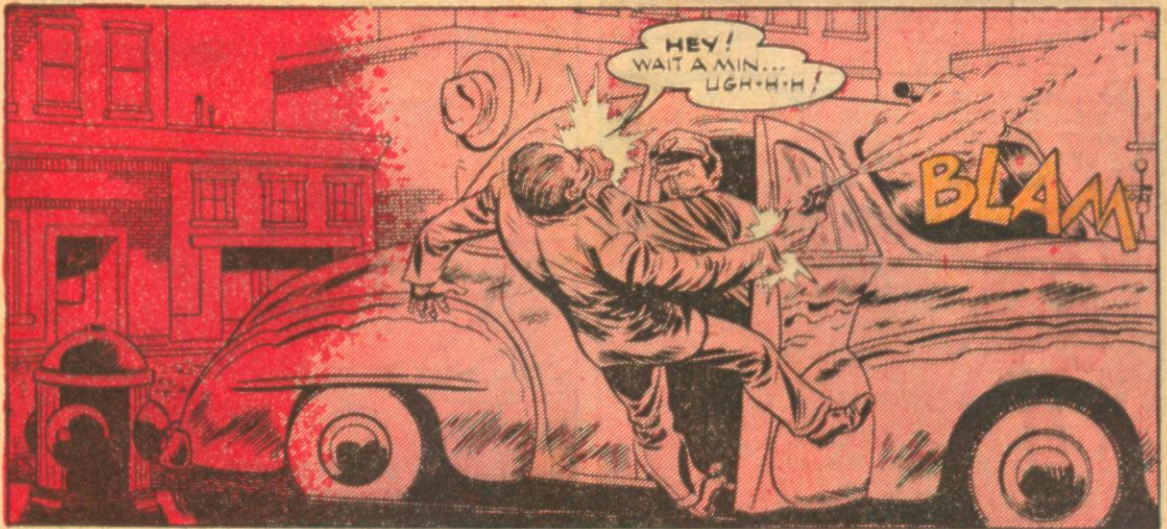
I DIDN'T SAY NOthin'. THERE'S YOUR ADDRESS, RIGHT AHEAD, THERE.



YEAH I SEE IT IS... GET OUT OF THERE AND LEAVE YOUR WALLET ON THE SEAT. I'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE ON!

WHY, YOU LITTLE PUNK...

LAWBREAKERS



NEXT TIME YOU'LL PICK ON SOMEBODY YOU CAN HANDLE, YOU LITTLE RAT! NOW MAYBE I'LL TAKE YOUR WALLET ALONG WITH ME...



LET'S SEE IF YOU GOT ENOUGH TO PAY FOR YOUR RIDE... HOLY MACKEREL! YOU'RE CARRYIN' HALF A FORT KNOX AROUND WITH YOU! WELL, I'LL JUST TAKE ALL OF IT FOR MY TROUBLE... AND THAT GUN, TOO...



UNAWARE THAT THE GUNMAN WAS DEAD, MALONE GOT BACK IN HIS CAB AND LEFT...

LOADED TO THE GUNWALS WITH DOUGH, AND HE HAD ON A TWO HUNDRED DOLLAR SUIT TOO! AND ME... I BAT THIS HACK AROUND FOR TEN HOURS A DAY FOR... FOR WHAT? FOR NOTHIN'... THAT'S WHAT!



WORK ALL MY LIFE AND I AINT GOT FIVE BUCKS IN THE BANK TO SHOW FOR IT! AND GUYS LIKE THAT RUNNIN' AROUND WITH A COUPLE A THOUSAND IN THEIR POCKETS... OKAY, WHY CAN'T I BE LIKE HIM? I GOT HIS GUN, AINT I...?



THE GUNSHOT HAD ATTRACTED PLENTY OF ATTENTION. BEFORE WITNESSES COULD PHONE HIS NUMBER IN, HOWEVER, MALONE HAD COME TO A DECISION... AND FROM THEN ON HE WAS HARD TO CATCH UP WITH...

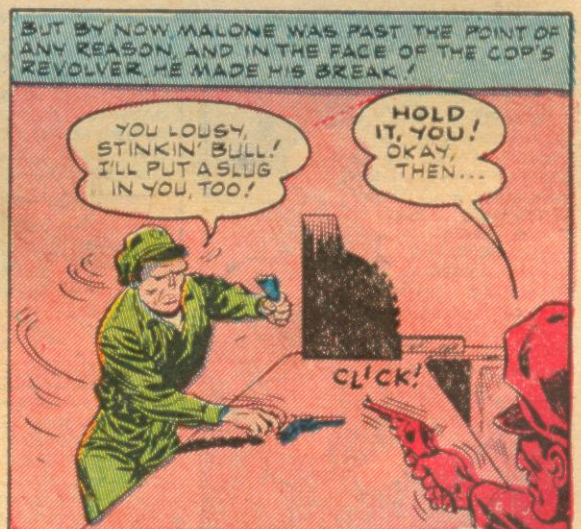
...HAVING DECIDED ON HIS COURSE OF ACTION, MALONE WENT IN SEARCH OF A LIKELY VICTIM...



THAT JOINT LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO START WITH, NO EDDY IN THERE RIGHT NOW, EITHER...

LAWBREAKERS

LEAVING HIS HACK DOWN THE STREET MALONE ENTERED THE DINER AND EMBARKED ON HIS NEW PROFESSION...

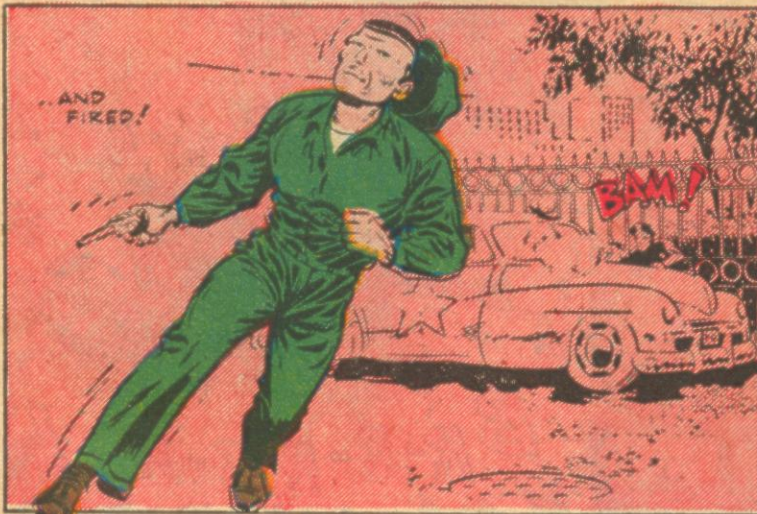


LAWBREAKERS

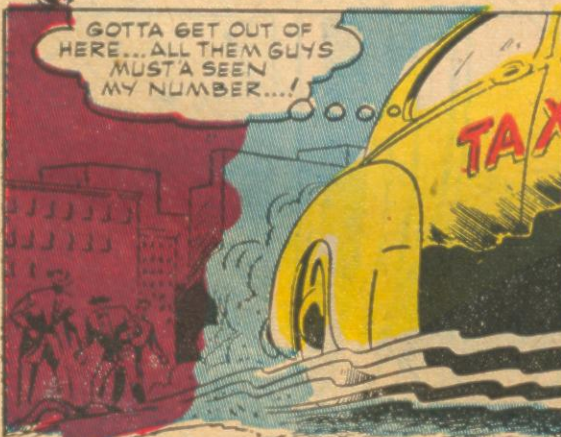
...AND LUCK, WHICH SOMETIMES WORKS FOR THE WICKED AS WELL AS THE GOOD, WAS WITH THE KILLER. THE OFFICER'S PISTOL MISFIRED AND MALONE'S FIRST SHOT SENT HIM TO HIS KNEES.



THE FIRST OFFICER'S PARTNER, WITNESSING THE SHOOTING, DIDN'T BOTHER TO CALL ON MALONE TO SURRENDER. AS MALONE EMERGED FROM THE DINER, HE TOOK CAREFUL AIM...



TAKING IT FOR GRANTED THAT HIS FIRST SHOT HAD FINISHED THE KILLER, THE POLICEMAN APPROACHED AND MALONE, WOUNDED IN THE SIDE, FIRED ANOTHER FATAL BULLET!



MALONE WAS RIGHT, FOR ONCE... THEY SAW AND REPORTED HIS LICENSE... AND NOW THE COPS KNEW HIS TAXI, ON SIGHT, WHERE HE WAS AND IN WHAT DIRECTION HE HAD GONE.

HIS POSITION WAS REPORTED SEVERAL TIMES IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, AND RADIO CARS MOVED FROM ALL POINTS IN THE CITY IN AN EVER SMALLER CIRCLE.

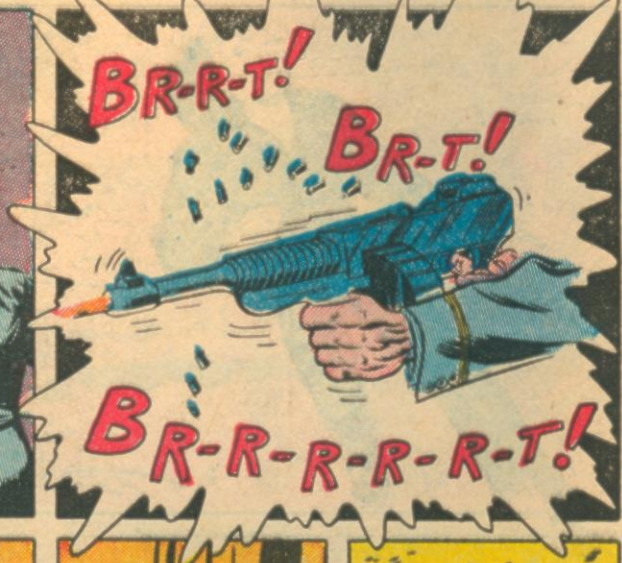


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AND WHEN THE CIRCLE GREW SMALL ENOUGH...



MAYBE I CAN'T GET BY, BUT
I AINT GONNA SURRENDER
EITHER...
GET A LOAD
A THIS,
COPPER!



THE
END

LAWBREAKERS

MET JOHNNIE BACON, CRUEL, VICIOUS, A DOUBLE-CROSSER WHO BEGAN HIS "CAREER" IN SAN FRANCISCO AS A SMALL TIME HOOD SOLICITING SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR A PROTECTION RACKET. JOHNNIE DIDN'T HAVE MANY FRIENDS, AND UNDERSTANDABLY SO...FOR YOU SEE..

DEATH ^{WAS HIS} BUSINESS!



LAWBREAKERS



LATER THAT DAY, JOHNNIE BACON REPORTS TO HIS BOSS, CLIFF BANNON...



WHAT CAN YOU DO? I'LL TELL YOU! WE CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT, OR ELSE THEY'LL ALL TRY. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SET MR. CHANG UP AS AN EXAMPLE...

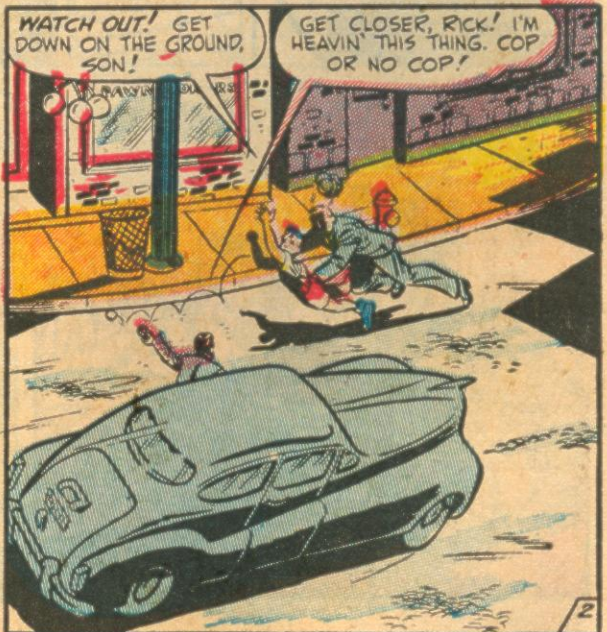
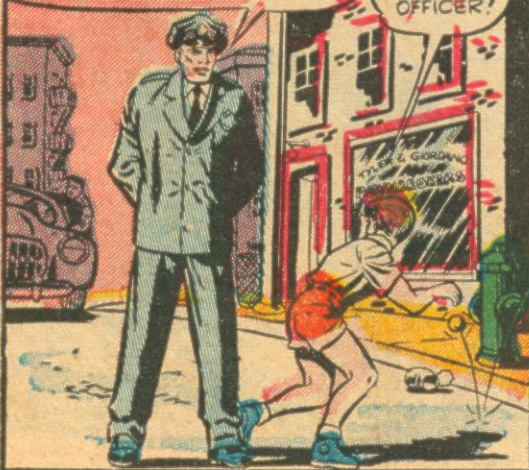


IN THE EARLY EVENING OF THAT DAY, JOHNNIE BACON AND HIS BUDDY, RICK WALKER, SET OUT TO CARRY OUT CLIFF BANNON'S ORDERS TO THE DEFIANT MR. CHANG...



BE CAREFUL NOW, KID... YOU DON'T WANT TO BREAK THE WINDOW!

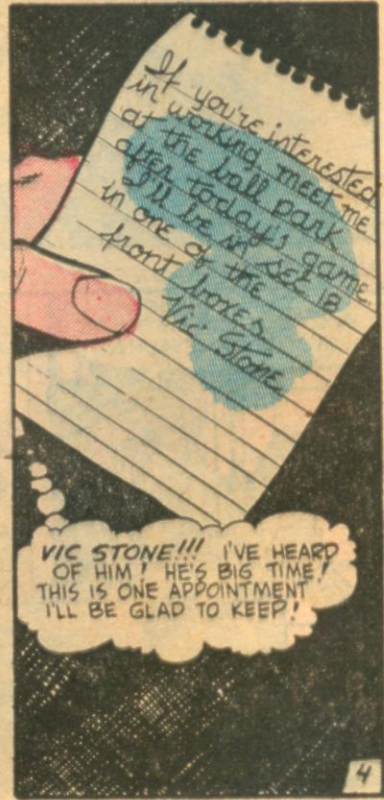
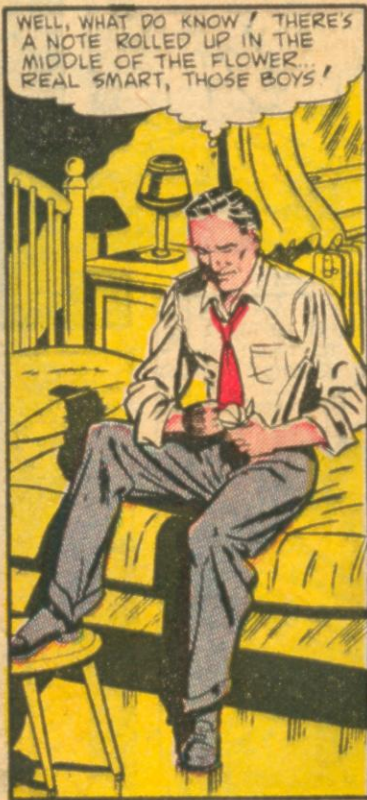
I'LL BE CAREFUL OFFICER!



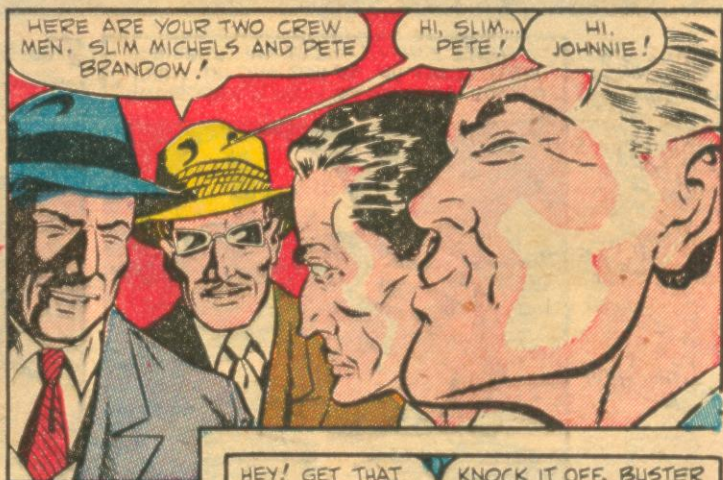
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TWO WEEKS LATER... AT THE REX HOTEL IN LOS ANGELES...



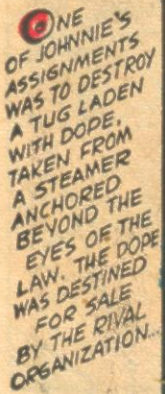
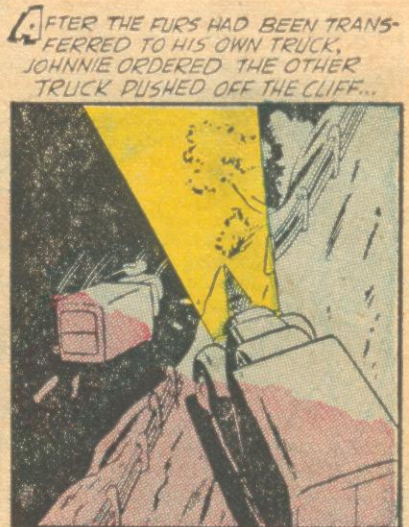
LAWBREAKERS



THAT NIGHT, JOHNNIE, PETE, AND SLIM SET UP A BARRICADE ON THE EXPECTED ROUTE OF THE RIVAL MOB'S TRUCK...



LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS



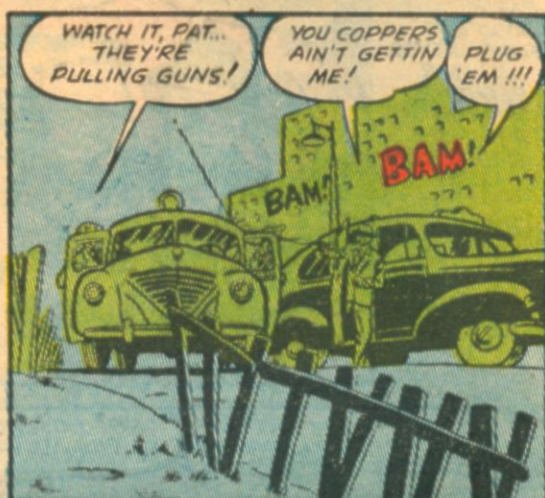
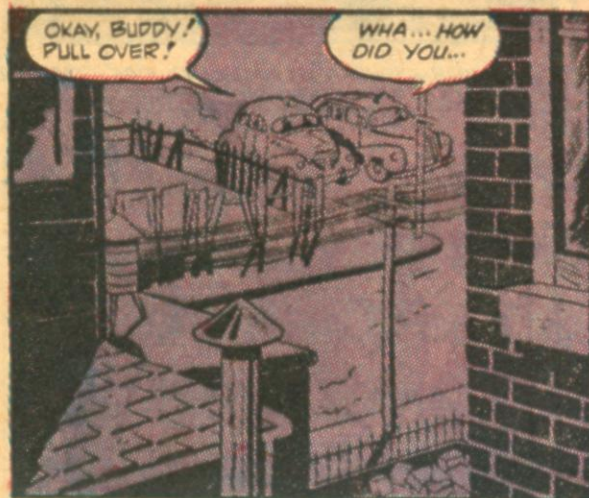
BY THIS TIME, JOHNNIE HAD COOLED OFF IN SAN FRANCISCO. HIS SUCCESS IN LOS ANGELES EARNED HIM A GOOD "REP" IN SAN FRANCISCO. JOHNNIE RETURNED WITH SLIM AND PETE WITH A NEW IDEA.



JOHNNIE AND HIS TWO GANGLAND SIDE KICKS SET OUT TO CARRY OUT JOHNNIE'S PLAN...



LAWBREAKERS



HE WANTED TO BE A DETECTIVE

Howard Simpson sighed, "we always want what we haven't got. Perhaps if we were color blind we wouldn't take the attitude that the grass is greener in the other fellow's pasture."

When finished with these words of wisdom, he moved his two hundred and fifty pounds of flesh. On his ruddy face was a look of innocence. He had just devoured his thirteenth sandwich. Opposite him was a muscular man, well built, with brown hair and deep set black eyes. "What's eating you on a day like this?" he asked. "We should be having a good time but you seem downcast. Here you are, Howard Simpson, one of the feature writers on the STAR-TELEGRAM and all you do is complain."

"You misunderstand me, Frank," protested the unhappy man. "How would you like to write a daily column on baby care and be known as 'Tillie, the Wise Owl'?" Believe me I envy you with your job in the FBI. I am sick and tired of my work. Want to swap jobs?"

Frank Parsons laughed. "Your misery, especially with the bankroll getting fatter each week by \$200 makes my poor heart bleed. You stick to your baby stuff and I'll stick to my detective work."

In reply Howard Simpson put his hand in his coat pocket and came out with a booklet. "Since I've read this," he began "life has taken on a new horizon for me. It's called, 'Be a Detective in Ten Easy Lessons' and it's by J. Copeland. You can get it free for ten wrappers from Bibbo's Brown Bunchies. Plain or almond. Costs me nothing. The office boy eats them and throws the wrappers into the wastepaper basket. Shows you what a bit of salvage work can do."

Frank Parsons was about to take the booklet and tear it into small pieces when the sound of a siren at the entrance of the picnic ground attracted his attention. A state trooper came up to him. Frank recognized him as Sergeant Jed Harris, of Troop B. "Anything

wrong, Jed?" he asked. The trooper nodded. "Okay to speak in front of this man?" "He's Howard Simpson of the STAR-TELEGRAM and if it isn't confidential, you can shoot the works."

"Louis Marshall is dying in the hospital. He had a stroke while in his cell. He has been calling for you. Says you are the only one he will tell where he hid the stolen money. We learned it was your day off. Your housekeeper said you were out on a picnic. We have men out at other picnic areas looking for you. Get into your car and I'll lead the way back to town."

Frank Parsons looked at his friend. "Now you may see something in action. Come on, unless you're afraid of sitting in a car going 75 miles an hour. The only reply Simpson made was to follow Parsons. He sat at his side as the car roared along the state highway, then into the city until it stopped in front of a hospital. The two men dashed inside. A gray haired elderly man was waiting for Parsons.

"At a time like this you had to be away Frank," he said. "Come on up with me to the fifth floor. Marshall is sinking rapidly." The two men entered an elevator. A few minutes later Parsons was standing at the bedside of the dying man. He bent down. "Marshall, can you hear me? I'm Frank Parsons. Remember me? You want to tell me where you hid the money. Where is it?"

A bald headed man with thin sallow cheeks moved his eyelids slowly as though to acknowledge he understood. He was saving every ounce of his ebbing strength for his confession. "The money," he began, "is buried underneath the chicken coop in my back yard. You start to dig . . ." but he never finished. The attending physician looked at him once. "Sorry, gentlemen," he announced, "Louis Marshall is dead."

The elderly man who was Postal Inspector Roger Baldwin found it difficult to restrain

his emotion as the sheet was drawn over the face of the dead man. "There goes a fellow who thought he had figured out the perfect plan to steal half a million dollars. Only he forgot to take death into consideration. Do we start digging for the money today or wait until tomorrow?" Frank Parsons hesitated before replying. "I guess the sooner we get it over with the better. We should find the money within an hour."

Two days later a tired Parsons and a bewildered postal inspector looked over the back yard of the house that belonged to the late Louis Marshall. "The money must be where he buried it unless it was found by someone else," commented Parsons. "Yet how could it be found by another person. We had a day and night guard watching this place since we arrested Marshall. He told me it was beneath the chicken coop. We have dug to a depth of thirty-five feet. Where is the money?" Postal Inspector Baldwin shrugged his shoulders. "We are going to keep on digging if we have to reach China in order to get that money."

"Sadness seems to have descended upon this place," remarked a cheerful voice. It was Howard Simpson. "Wish you fellows would tell me the details of this mysterious expedition in the heart of a great city."

"It all looks so simple and yet turns out to be difficult," began Frank Parsons. "Last year Louis Marshall was a trusted bank clerk with forty years of service behind him. Through his hands passed a million dollars a week in Federal Reserve Notes. Then one day a mailbag with half a million dollars of Federal Reserve Notes vanished. In place of the money we found packages of brown paper cut to the same size. Three men were under suspicion. We finally identified the masked handwriting on the address tag as identical with a specimen of Marshall's. He confessed and wanted to make a deal with the government. Return half of the money and keep the rest. Of course we refused. He went to trial and was sentenced three months ago. On his deathbed he told me the money was underneath the chicken coop. Any suggestions?"

Howard Simpson opened a small booklet entitled 'Be a Detective in Ten Easy Lessons.' Turning to page 8, he read: "The mine detector has its use in peacetime. Should a criminal hide an object underneath the ground in a metal container, this instrument can be used to detect its presence." The FBI man shook his head sadly. "While all that may be true, you notice the one condition. There must

be a metal container. If the money were buried in boxes or clay jars, we could never spot it."

"You've got nothing to lose," challenged the newspaper man. "Why not give it a chance?" "Perhaps your friend has something with that idea of his," interrupted the Postal Inspector. "I am going to call Major Frederick Bussman on the phone and see if the army can help us."

That evening the people in the neighborhood were puzzled to see a strange machine operated by two army men. A battery of powerful searchlights was being played upon the ground. And Howard Simpson was always before the machine.

The soldier in control of the dials stopped the machine and reported to Frank Parsons. "We have checked the location of all pipes on the map. The dial shows that there is something metallic buried underneath the ground at an angle of about twenty degrees from the chicken coop. But it is on the adjoining property."

The Postal Inspector and the FBI man looked at each other as though both had just been hit by the same idea. "Marshall must have dug at an angle underneath the coop and buried the money on his neighbor's property. Let's get the necessary permission from the owner and start digging."

Some five hours later, two tired but happy law enforcement men looked at their find. There were six large boxes, each wrapped in tar-coated paper. When opened out came the bundles of Federal Reserve Notes. Howard Simpson puffed his chest. "You fellows listened to me and solved a mystery. I'm going to be a detective."

The next day Frank Parsons visited Howard Simpson. "I don't know how to begin this," said the FBI man in a most apologetic tone. "The papers have been giving you credit for the recovery of the money. You deserve it. But stick to your baby articles."

"Why?" was the one word question. "It hurts my heart to tell you this," explained Parsons. "We all agreed to keep it a secret. How could the dial show metal when the money was hidden in paper? That bothered us until we did a bit of checking. Seems you wear a metal identification band on your wrist. You dropped it on the bottom of the machine in such a position that the needle showed metal at an angle. It was your carelessness that helped us to solve the crime. Get what I mean? You better continue writing those baby articles."

The End

LAWBREAKERS

MURDER for NOTHING

PETE SANDOW WANTED EASY MONEY AND HE WAS WILLING TO KILL TO GET IT... BUT HE DIDN'T FIGURE ON THE STRANGE DOINGS OF TWO WOMEN WHO LIKED TO SHOW OFF, AND THE LAW THAT WAS RELENTLESS IN TRACKING DOWN A KILLER!!!

YOU JUST SAW HOW I CARVED YOUR FRIEND. NOW WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE DOUGH? SPILL IT SISTER, OR YOU'LL GET THE SAME TREATMENT!

I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY. I LIKE TO FLASH A BIG ROLL TO MAKE PEOPLE THINK I'M A BIG SHOT!

JANE LACEY... LIVED WITH HER FRIEND, MAY MARSDEN IN A SMALL ROOMING HOUSE...

JUST LOOK AT THIS HAIR... SAY, MAY... OUR FUNDS ARE GETTING TOO LOW FOR COMFORT. WE'LL HAVE TO LINE UP SOMETHING SOON!

O.K. LET'S GET DRESSED AND GET OUT OF HERE... WE'LL GO OUT ON THE TOWN...



LAWBREAKERS

WE'LL VISIT MIKE'S NEW TAVERN, HE JUST OPENED UP ON PINE STREET!

MAYBE WE CAN FIND ANOTHER SUCKER AND BRING HIM BACK HERE. I STILL GOT SOME OF THOSE KNOCK-OUT DROPS.



JANE, FLASHING THE ROLL FOR EFFECT, HAD NO IDEA WHAT HER LITTLE GAME WOULD LEAD TO...

HERE, THIS'LL PAY FOR THE DRINKS, MIKE. AND KEEP THE CHANGE. GET THE KID A NEW PAIR OF SHOES.

THANKS A LOT, JANE! I SEE YOU'RE STILL IN THE CHIPS. I'LL BET YOU'RE COLLECTING PLENTY FROM THAT "EX" OF YOURS.



YOU'VE GOT YOUR EYES GLUED ON THOSE TWO DOLLS, PETE. LEAVE 'EM ALONE... THEY'RE POISON!

SUPPOSE YOU MIND YOUR BUSINESS, JOE... AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF MINE. SEE YOU LATER AT THE POOL ROOM!



THE NAME IS PETE SANDOW. SEEMS I'VE SEEN YOU TWO BEFORE... WAS IT AT LOU'S PLACE?

COULD BE... MY NAME IS JANE LACEY, AND THIS IS MY FRIEND, MAY MARSDEN!

PETE ALSO KNEW HOW TO ACT LIKE A BIG SHOT...

COUPLE OF DRINKS FOR THE LADIES, MIKE. THIS IS ON ME!

YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING IN THE PLACE, AS LONG AS YOU PAY ON THE LINE.

LATER...

YOU LOOK LIKE A NICE GUY. COME ON OVER TO OUR PLACE

WE'VE GOT SOME SWELL BONDED STUFF. A FRIEND JUST BROUGHT IT OVER FROM ENGLAND.



LAWBREAKERS

MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE, PETE. WE'LL MIX A FEW DRINKS.

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL SERVICE... MAKE MINE A DOUBLE!



SAY... DID YOU PIPE THOSE RINGS HE'S WEARING? BET THEY MUST BE WORTH AT LEAST TWO GRAND!

THE GLASS ON YOUR RIGHT HAS THE MICKEY FINN... BE CAREFUL!



HERE YOU ARE, PETE. A DOUBLE, JUST LIKE YOU SAID!

NOW YOU TELL ME IF JANE ISN'T THE BEST LITTLE DRINK MIXER YOU EVER MET!



THERE'S TOO MUCH IN MY GLASS. YOU TAKE IT AND GIVE ME THE OTHER ONE.

NOW DON'T BE SILLY, PETE. DRINK IT BEFORE YOU SPILL IT!



AND NOW THE KILLER IN THE ENRAGED PETE CAME OUT.

SHELL OUT YOUR DOUGH OR I'LL SLIT YOUR PRETTY THROAT!

I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY, YOU'RE HURTING ME... LET GO OF ME OR I'LL SCREAM FOR HELP!



SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD SLIP ME A "MICKEY." I KNOW THESE DRINKS ARE LOADED. I'M NOT THE TWO-BIT JERK YOU'RE TAKING ME FOR!

YOU'RE CRAZY TO THINK WE'D PULL A TRICK LIKE THAT. YOU'RE DRUNK! GET OUT OF HERE!



LAWBREAKERS

YOU KILLED HER...
YOU KILLED HER...
STAY AWAY FROM ME...
PLEASE LEAVE ME
ALONE!!

I'M RUNNIN' THE SHOW
NOW, BABY! SHE HAD
IT COMING TO HER,
THE LITTLE FOOL.



YOU JUST SAW ME
CARVE YOUR FRIEND.
WHERE'S THE DOUGH?
TELL ME OR YOU'LL
GET THE SAME...

I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY...I
FLASH A BIG ROLL TO
MAKE PEOPLE THINK I'M
A BIG SHOT... BUT MOST
OF IT IS PHONEY!



AND SO PETE ADDED A SECOND
MURDER TO HIS LIST OF CRIMES...

YOU AIN'T FOOLIN' ME. I
GOT NO USE FOR DAMES
LIKE YOU!

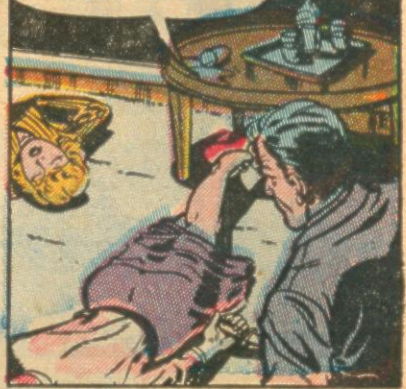
ARGHH!



SHE WAS TELLIN' THE
TRUTH! THAT CRAZY
DAME! THIS IS STAGE
MONEY. THEY WANTED MY
RINGS. I HAD PHONEY
RINGS AND THEY HAD
PHONEY DOUGH!



THIS OUGHT TO LOOK LIKE MURDER
AND SUICIDE. HER FINGERPRINTS
ARE ON THE KNIFE. I LEFT ONLY
TWO GLASSES SO THE COPS
WILL FIGURE THEY WERE DRINK-
ING... I BETTER SCRAM... I HEAR
VOICES OUTSIDE.



WILL YOU HAVE TIME
TO CLEAN MY
ROOM NEXT?

JUST AS SOON AS I
GET THROUGH IN HERE...



LAWBREAKERS



HELP... HELP... THESE TWO WOMEN ARE DEAD... GET THE POLICE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MATILDA?... UGH, WHAT A MESS!... I'LL CALL THE POLICE AT ONCE. DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING!



LOOKS LIKE MURDER AND SUICIDE. GUESS THEY WERE DRINKING!

LET DETECTIVES MARSON AND COTTER DO THE THINKING. WE'RE ONLY TRAFFIC BOYS!



THERE ARE ONLY TWO GLASSES WHICH SEEMS TO INDICATE THEY WERE ALONE!

THE FINGER PRINTS ARE FAIRLY CLEAR ON THIS KNIFE. LOOKS AS THOUGH ONE KILLED THE OTHER AND THEN COMMITTED SUICIDE!



LOOK AT THAT BLOOD. SOME ONE WAS IN THAT ROOM. AS HE LEFT IT, HE STEPPED ON SOME BLOOD AND LEFT A HEEL PRINT!

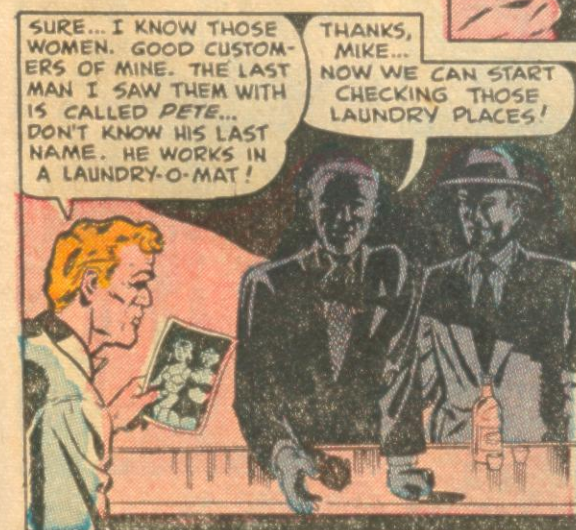
THEN IT WAS MURDER AND NOT SUICIDE! TOO BAD WE CAN'T GET A HEEL IMPRINT!

THE TENANTS OF THE ROOMING HOUSE WERE QUESTIONED FOR FURTHER LEADS

NOW MIND YOU, I'M NOT THE TYPE WHO TALKS ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE... BUT THOSE TWO WOMEN WERE ALWAYS IN BARS AND TAVERNS! THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION. IF YOU THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE CALL US AT THE 35TH PRECINCT!



SINCE MIKE WOULD RECOGNIZE PETE, HE WENT WITH THE POLICE...



SURE... I KNOW THOSE WOMEN. GOOD CUSTOMERS OF MINE. THE LAST MAN I SAW THEM WITH IS CALLED PETE... DON'T KNOW HIS LAST NAME. HE WORKS IN A LAUNDRY-O-MAT!

THANKS, MIKE... NOW WE CAN START CHECKING THOSE LAUNDRY PLACES!



I SORRY, NO MAN BY THE NAME OF PETE HERE... YOU MIGHT TRY THE LAUNDRY ON PARK STREET!

I KNOW WHERE THAT PLACE IS... COME, I'LL TAKE YOU THERE!

LAWBREAKERS

**DETECTIVE COTTER'S QUESTIONS
THREW PETE OFF GUARD...**

WE'RE IN LUCK!
THAT'S PETE
IN THERE FIX-
ING THAT
WASHING
MACHINE!

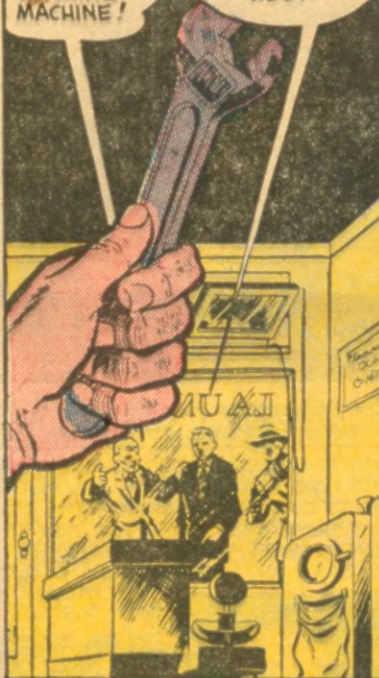
THANKS, MIKE...
YOU CAN WAIT
OUT HERE...
WE'LL DO THE
REST.

WHY DID YOU
KILL THOSE
TWO WOMEN,
PETE? THEY
NEVER DID
YOU ANY
HARM!

I KILLED...ER...
WHAT ARE
YOU GUYS TRY-
ING TO DO?...
PIN SOME-
THING ON ME!

LOOK OUT
FOR THAT
WRENCH!

YOU WON'T GET
ME ALIVE! I'M
NOT GOING TO
BURN FOR
KILLING THOSE
CRAZY DAMES...
ARRGHH!



IT'S NO USE,
PETE! YOU
JUST CAN'T
WIN!

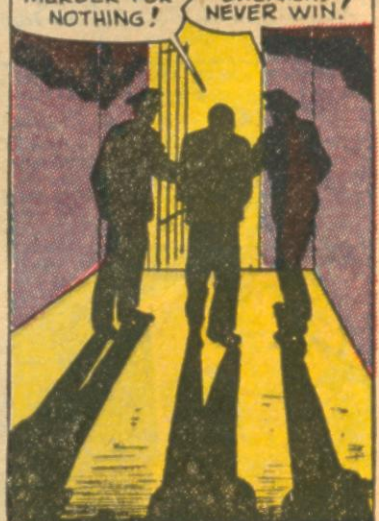
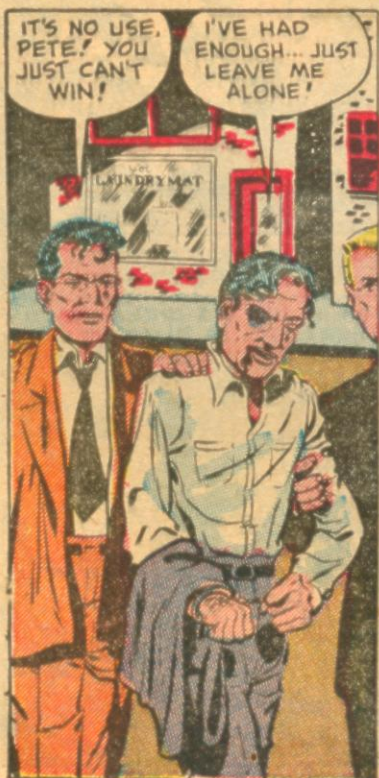
I'VE HAD
ENOUGH... JUST
LEAVE ME
ALONE!

LATER... THE
REPORT SHOWS
JUST A TRACE
OF BLOOD ON
HIS SHOE. AND
OF COURSE... IT
MATCHES THE
VICTIM'S TYPE!

IF I HADN'T
STEPPED IN
HER BLOOD,
YOU COPS
WOULDN'T
HAVE BEEN
ABLE TO PIN
THIS ON ME!

MURDER FOR
NOTHING. I
KILLED THOSE
DIZZY DAMES
AND ALL THEY
HAD WAS STAGE
MONEY! YES...
MURDER FOR
NOTHING!

YOU'RE SO
RIGHT...
IF MEN LIKE
YOU COULD
ONLY SEE
AHEAD AND
REALIZE, LAW-
BREAKERS
NEVER WIN!

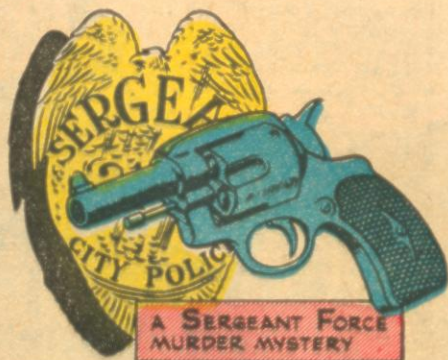


**AND SO PETE PAID FOR HIS
CRIMES WITH HIS LIFE.**

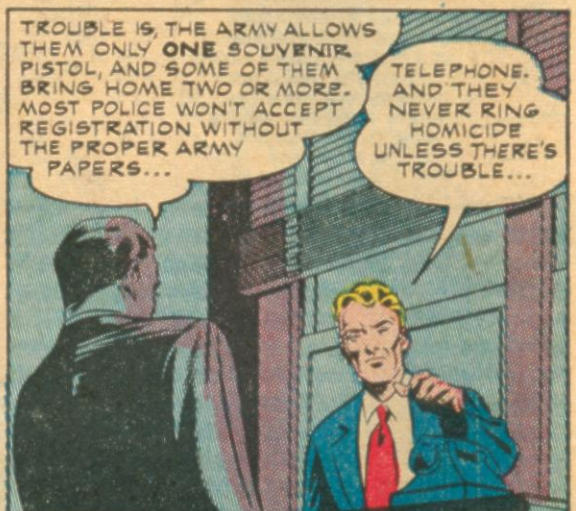
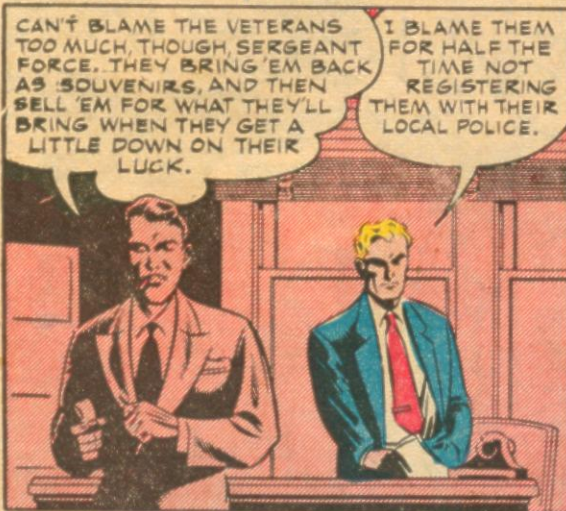
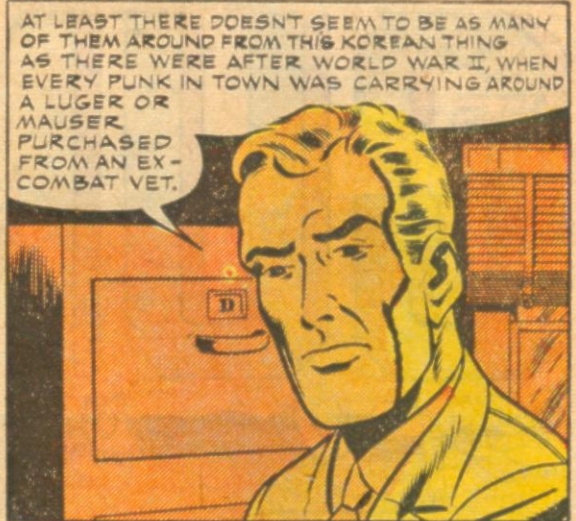
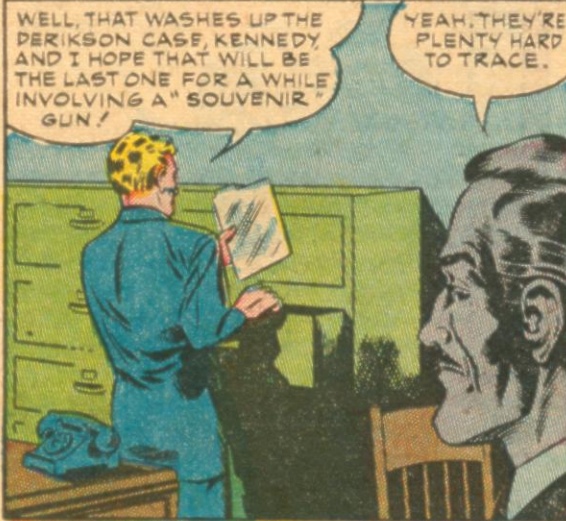
*The
End*

LAWBREAKERS

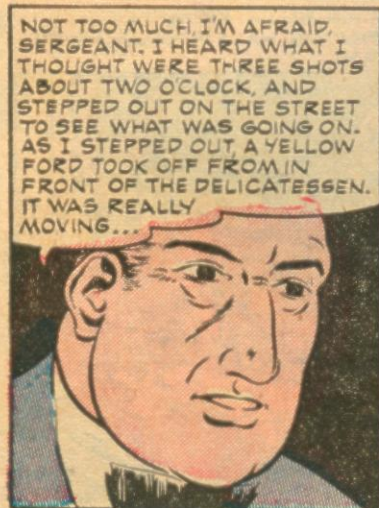
THE GUN



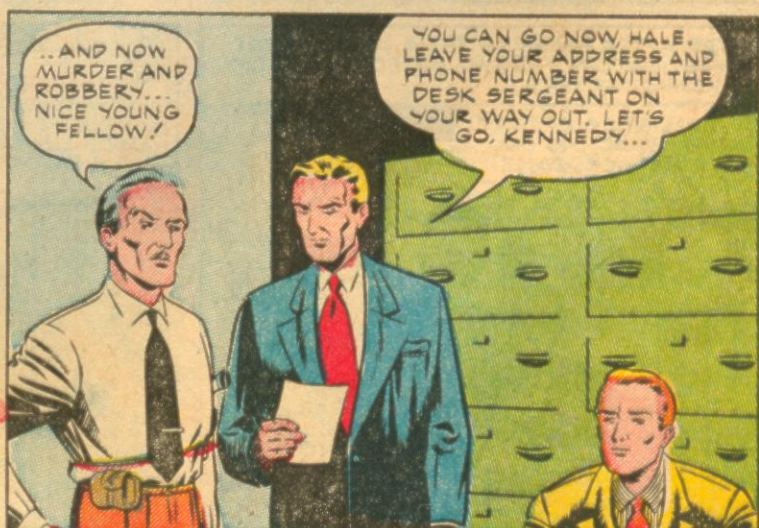
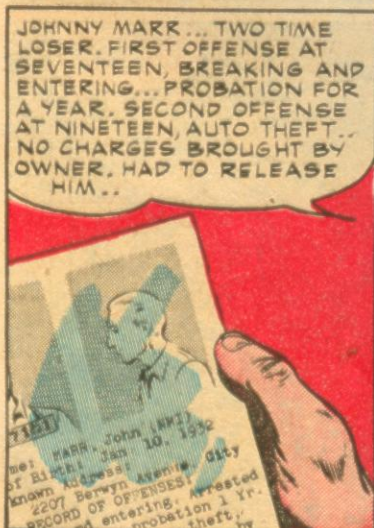
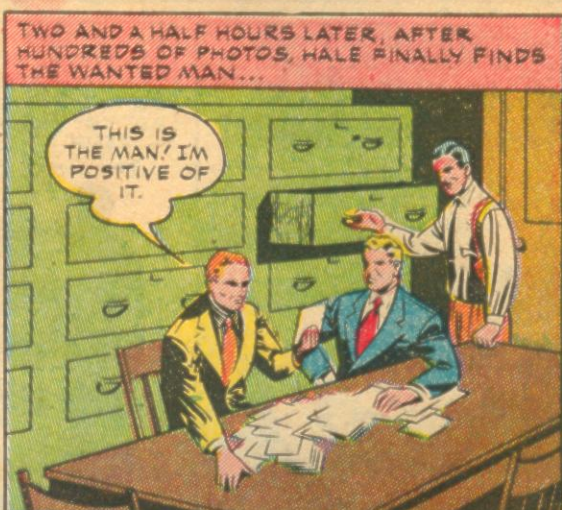
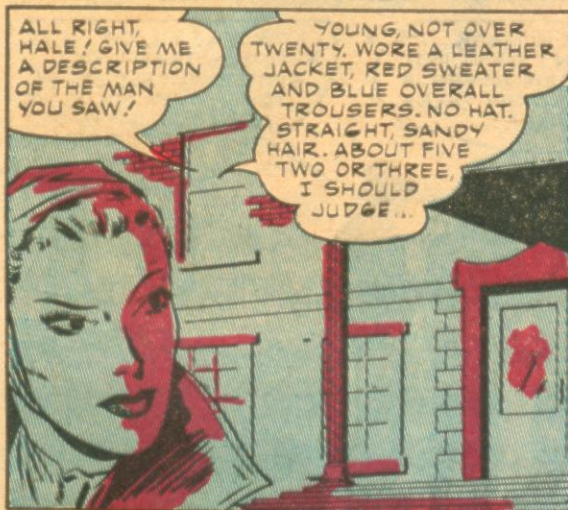
LAWBREAKERS



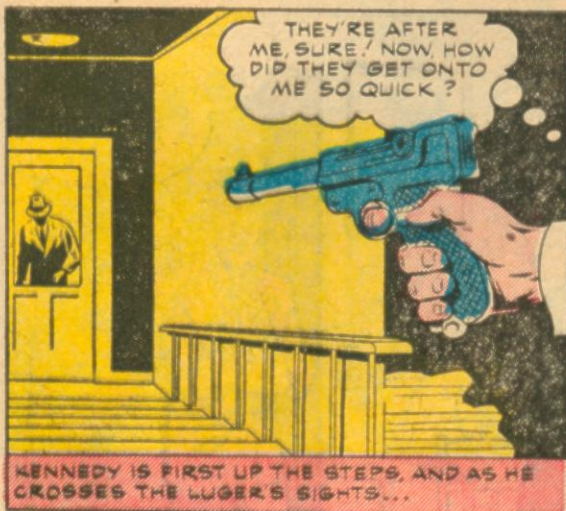
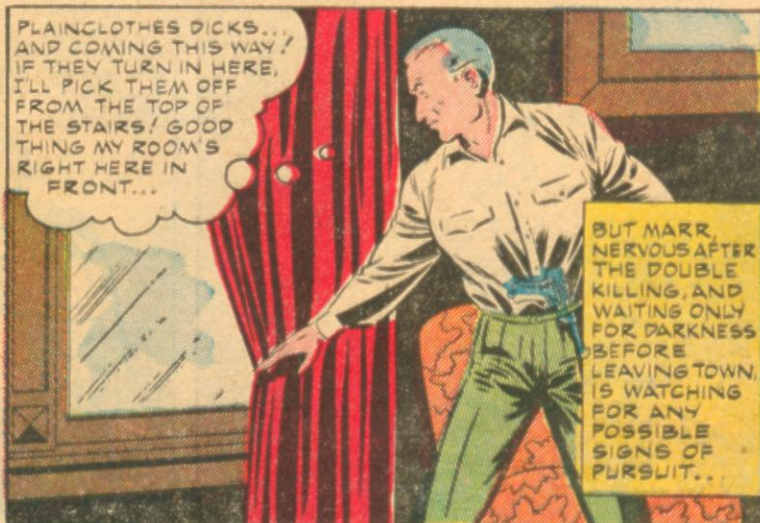
LAWBREAKERS



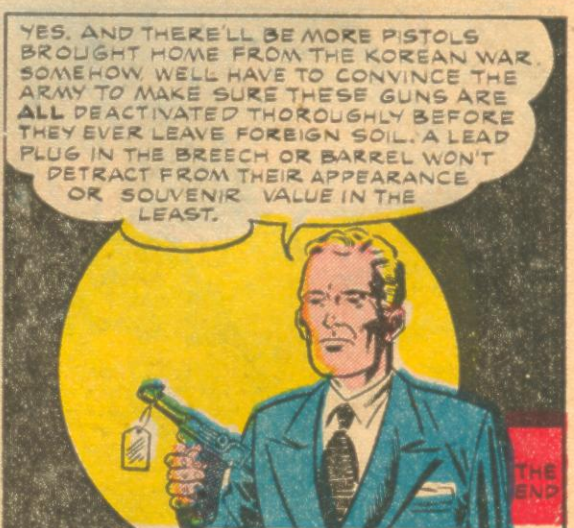
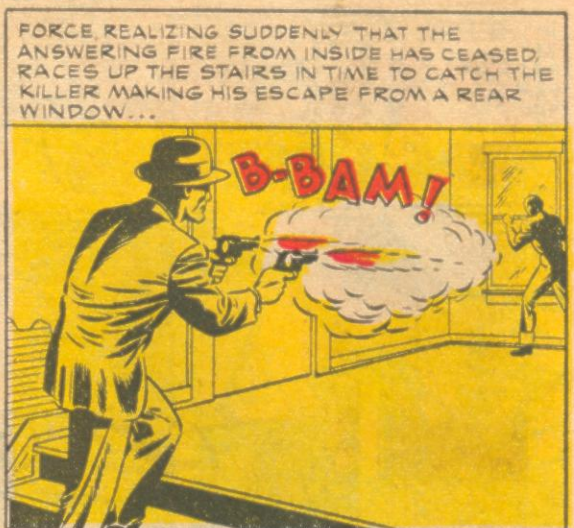
LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS

CRIME *from* WITHIN



IT'S A GOOD THING YOU CAME ALONG WHEN YOU DID, REILLY, OR I'D BE DEAD! I'M A WITNESS FOR THE CRIME COMMISSION INVESTIGATING ORGANIZED CRIME IN THIS TOWN.

YOU NEED POLICE PROTECTION, MR. HALL. JUST STAY INDOORS FOR AWHILE!



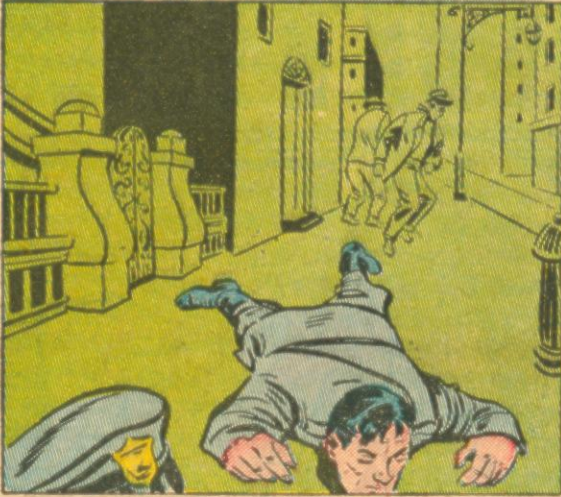
NOW LOOK, REILLY... THIS HALL CHARACTER IS A REAL CRANK. JUST LOOK AT THE RECORDS... TEN COMPLAINTS IN A YEAR ABOUT HIS FALSELY ACCUSING PEOPLE. HE HAS NO EVIDENCE FOR THE CRIME COMMISSION. IF YOU FEEL HE NEEDS PROTECTION, THAT'S **YOUR** ASSIGNMENT... PROTECT HIM!

THANKS, CHIEF! I'VE GOT A FEELING THE GUYS ON THE LEVEL THIS TIME!

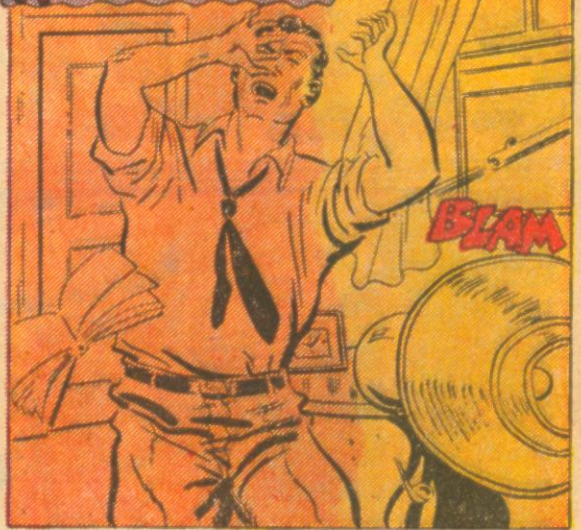


LAWBREAKERS

BUT AS PATROLMAN REILLY IS ON HIS WAY BACK TO PROTECT HIS NEIGHBOR, TWO THUGS DART OUT FROM A DOORWAY AND JUMP HIM FROM BEHIND...



MEANWHILE AT MR. HALL'S...



THE NEXT DAY IN MIDVILLE HOSPITAL...



WELL, PAT...WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT HALL BEING A CRANK? HE KILLED HIMSELF LAST NIGHT WITH A SHOT-GUN. A REAL MESS!

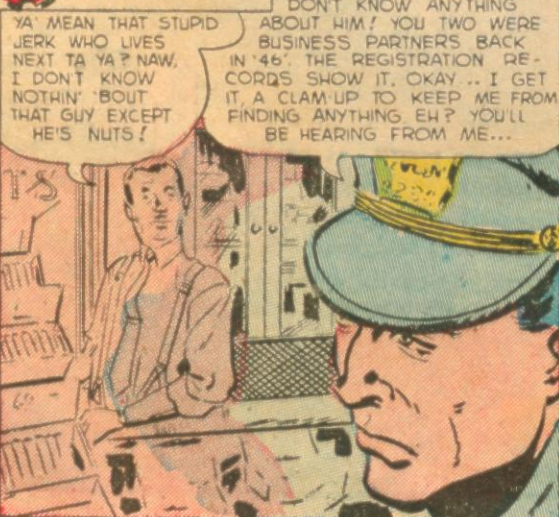
WELL, IT WASN'T SUICIDE... I WAS BEATEN UP SO'S I WOULDN'T BE WITH HALL LAST NIGHT. I'M CONVINCED OF THAT!

NOW LOOK, PAT! THE CASE IS OPEN AND SHUT... **SUICIDE**. OF COURSE, IF YOU HAVE DIFFERENT IDEAS... WELL, THAT'S FINE, BUT WE'VE GOT TO HAVE PROOF!

OKAY, CHIEF... I'LL GET YOU THAT PROOF! JUST AS SOON AS I'M ABLE TO GET OUT OF BED! I REALLY **BE-LIEVE** HALL KNEW SOMETHING ABOUT A CRIME RING AND WAS RUBBED OUT!



A FEW DAYS LATER...



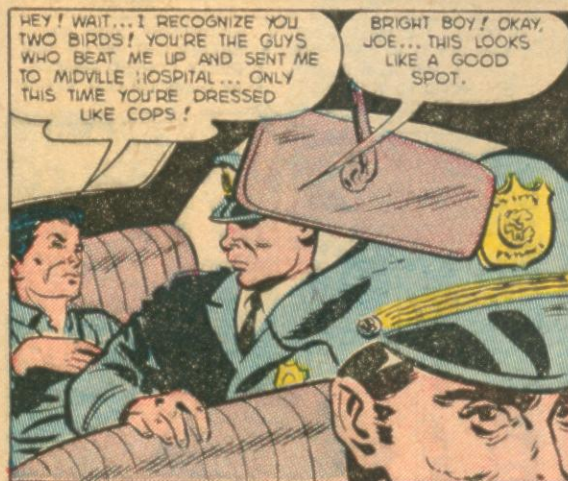
YA' MEAN THAT STUPID JERK WHO LIVES NEXT TA YA? NAW, I DONT KNOW NOTHIN' 'BOUT THAT GUY EXCEPT HE'S NUTS!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DONT KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HIM! YOU TWO WERE BUSINESS PARTNERS BACK IN '46'. THE REGISTRATION RE-CORDS SHOW IT. OKAY... I GET IT. A CLAM-UP TO KEEP ME FROM FINDING ANYTHING EH? YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM ME...



OKAY COPPER, YOU CAN START SAYING YOUR PRAYERS...

LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS



NOW WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MESS. HELLO, OPERATOR... WILL YOU CONNECT ME WITH THE CRIME COMMISSION IN ALBANY...YES, I'LL WAIT...



AN HOUR LATER PATROLMAN REILLY BRINGS IN THE TWO THINGS MASQUERADING AS POLICEMEN...

POSING AS COPS, EH, PAT? WELL, DON'T WORRY, WE KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THIS.

THE DILIGENT PATROLMAN LEAVES THE STATION HOUSE AND WAITS OUTSIDE WITH ANOTHER MAN...PRESENTLY...



HERE THEY COME! YOU WERE RIGHT!



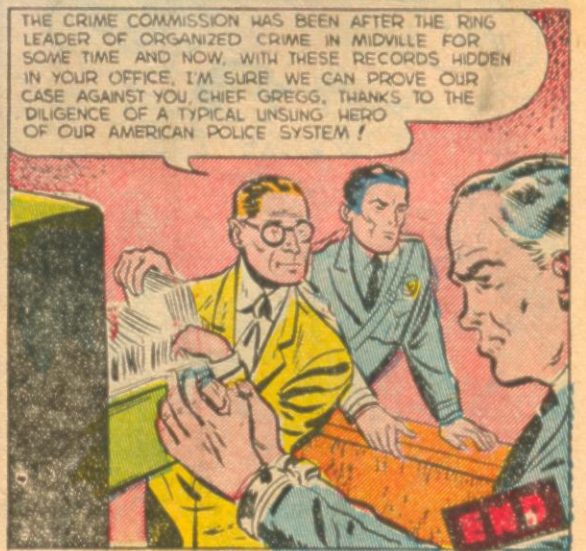
OKAY, BOYS... THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO IS TO SKIP THE STATE UNTIL THE HEAT IS OFF. I'LL GET WORD TO YOU WHEN IT'S SAFE TO COME BACK.

RIGHT, CHIEF... BUT YA BETTER GET RID OF THAT REILLY COPPER BEFORE HE GUMS UP OUR SETUP!



NEVER MIND ABOUT REILLY, I'M GONNA TAKE CARE OF HIM PERSONALLY HE WON'T BOTHER US NO MORE. I CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON HIM EXPOSING MY ORGANIZATION!

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH, OFFICER REILLY! PLACE THAT MAN AND HIS ACCOMPLICES UNDER ARREST!



THE CRIME COMMISSION HAS BEEN AFTER THE RING LEADER OF ORGANIZED CRIME IN MIDVILLE FOR SOME TIME AND NOW, WITH THESE RECORDS HIDDEN IN YOUR OFFICE, I'M SURE WE CAN PROVE OUR CASE AGAINST YOU, CHIEF GREGG, THANKS TO THE DILIGENCE OF A TYPICAL UNSUNG HERO OF OUR AMERICAN POLICE SYSTEM!

END

MINUTE CLUES

INSPECTOR ROSS INVESTIGATES THE MURDER OF COMMERCIAL ARTIST, JAMES KENNEDY.

I'M BOB KAESE, KENNEDY'S BUSINESS PARTNER. I WAS LET IN BY MISS SMITH, MR. KENNEDY'S HOUSE KEEPER. WHEN HE FAILED TO APPEAR, I INVESTIGATED AND FOUND HIM IN THE TUB.



WE REMOVED THE BODY FROM THE TUB, DRIED IT OFF AND COVERED IT. WE TOUCHED NOTHING ELSE!



DID YOU AND KENNEDY EVER HAVE ANY TROUBLE?



NO...JIM HAD HEART TROUBLE. HE MUST HAVE HAD AN ATTACK WHILE HE WAS IN THE TUB AND DROWNED.

KENNEDY WAS MURDERED! KAESE. I'M HOLDING YOU FOR FURTHER INVESTIGATION.



YOU SAID YOU ONLY REMOVED THE BODY AND DRIED IT OFF. YET THERE WASN'T ENOUGH WATER IN THE TUB FOR A MAN TO DROWN UNLESS HIS HEAD WAS PUSHED UNDER THE WATER. KAESE CONFESSED HE'D BEEN STEALING FIRM FUNDS AND KENNEDY HAD FOUND HIM OUT.

APPEAR SLIMMER INSTANTLY!

With the Amazing

TUMMY FLATTENING COMMANDER

INTERLOCKING HANDS OF FIRM SUPPORT*

Only \$2⁹⁸

Test now how you'll feel wearing the COMMANDER this way: clasp hands across the abdomen as shown and press up and in. Feel good? Protruding stomach held in? That's how you'll look and feel when you put on the COMMANDER. No leg bands, buckles, straps or laces. Changeable crotch piece.

FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER!
SEND NO MONEY! Convince yourself. See the amazing difference with your own eyes. Try the appearance reducing COMMANDER at our expense. If not delighted with the immediate results, return in 10 days for immediate refund. Sent in Plain Wrapper by Return Mail. Don't wait! Act NOW!

*TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

WARD GREEN CO., Dept. TR-9

113 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.
Rush COMMANDER on approval in Plain Wrapper by Return Mail. I'll pay postman \$2.98 plus postage. If not delighted with immediate results, I may return in 10 days for immediate refund. (Special Large Sizes 48 to 60—\$3.98.)

MY WAIST MEASURE IS.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

☐ I enclose \$2.98 (or \$3.98 for sizes 48 to 60) Ward Green Co. pays postage. Same refund offer holds.

☐ Also send.....extra crotch pieces. (75¢ each, 3 for \$2.00.)

Reducing Specialist Says:
LOSE WEIGHT

Where
It
Shows
Most

REDUCE

MOST ANY
PART OF
THE
BODY WITH

ELECTRIC

Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing
Penetrating Massage

PLUG IN
GRASP
HANDLE
AND
APPLY



UNDERWRITERS
LABORATORY
APPROVED



FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use SPOT REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.



TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY Without Risking HEALTH

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—MASSAGE!

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USED BY EXPERTS

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Please send me the Standard Model SPOT REDUCER for 10 days trial period. I enclose \$1.00, upon arrival I will pay postman only \$8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ I enclose \$12.95. Send DeLux Model, postage pre-paid.

Name

Address

City State

☐ **SAVE POSTAGE**—check here if you enclose \$12.95 for DeLux Model. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.

☐ I enclose \$9.95. Send Standard Model.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!